

GOOD-BYE, FRITZY.

Ven I vas hime in deutscher land,
I louf Lou-i-sa Schmidt,
She told me I vould broke her heart,
If could my country gwit;
But I vas poor und so vas she,
So I sait—I must go vay,
Und on A-mer-i-gan I got rich den,
I come back some day.

Good-bye Fritz-y, ven you vas a vay,
Write me a led-der louf,
Don't forget it louf,
Good-bye Fritz-y ven you vas a vay,
Don't forget your poor Lou-i-sa.

My Louisa she vas peautiful,
I don't forget her face,
I tink about her efery time,
I'm eading Switzer Kase;
I make me blenty money now,
By bakin dwisted bread;
I tink dot soon I vill go back,
Und den I vill be ved.

SPOKEN. — But still all de time I stay in dese
country, I don't forget dose peautiful vords she sait ven
I come away.

Good-bye Fritz-y, ven you vas a vay,
Write me a led-der louf,
Don't you for-get it louf,
Good-bye Fritz-y ven you vas a vay,
Don't forget your poor Lou-i-sa.